

I Want to Hold You Forever and Ever by thegirlcourageous

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Summary:

Being in love doesn't have to be this complicated, messy thing. Sometimes, it's just everything that you could have ever dreamed it would be.

I Want to Hold You Forever and Ever

It is a peaceful night. It's the type of night when the world goes very quiet and still, and only those few lucky that are still awake in the middle of night can enjoy it.

A sliver of moonlight has found its way through a crack in the curtains that hang in their bedroom. The light isn't enough to be annoying or to wake the warm lump sleeping next to him, snoring softly, but it is enough for Eddie to be able to make out Richie's face in the dark.

He's always looked so different without his glasses on, when his eyes aren't magnified by the lenses. Don't get him wrong, the glasses are a part of Richie and would never wish that his partner didn't have them. It's just...nice to be able look at his face, just as it is. To be able to commit to memory the way his nose looks, how long his eyelashes are, the scar near his hairline that he still doesn't know how Richie got. The asshole is always giving different answers every time he asks, like they're playing a game, and what the whole game boils down to is how fast Richie can make Eddie wheeze with laughter, tears running down his face with yet another ridiculous answer. It's infuriating, it's hilarious, it's very Richie. But he loves that. Loves that after all this time, Richie is still the funniest person he's ever met. Loves that he's a lot of things at once, always in motion, always talking talking talking. And by God, Eddie really wishes that he'll never shut up. Because how boring wouldn't life be if he didn't have motormouth Richie Tozier next to him? Very fucking boring that's what it would be.

Eddie can't get enough of looking at him. Not that that's necessarily news to anyone with eyes, because, well, Eddie can never get enough of looking at him. At this ridiculous man that somehow ended up loving Eddie back, that somehow wanted to be with Eddie all the

time too.

But especially at night, when Richie's sleeping, when he can just watch him. Watch him be alive, breathing in and out, not a care in the world. When he can unashamedly watch without Richie pulling stupid faces to make Eddie laugh, though Eddie loves when he does that.

Of course, Richie doesn't only pull faces to make Eddie laugh. No, he'll also do it when he wants to distract people from his face because he doesn't like people looking too closely, he doesn't want them seeing all the faults that he sees. Whenever this happens, Eddie's heart aches, and he just wants to smooth out the lines in his face. Because Eddie loves his stupid, perfect face. Loves how his eyes crinkle behind his glasses when he smiles, the pleased look when he makes Eddie laugh, when Eddie pays attention to him. The frown when he doesn't know an answer in a crossword puzzle, and the delighted, wicked gleam in his eyes when then fills in whatever naughty or bad word comes to minds.

Eddie thinks he's beautiful. He's been thinking that forever. It doesn't matter what Richie's doing. He's always beautiful to Eddie. Eddie had to accept long ago that he's very stupid when it comes to Richie. Not that he'd have it any other way.

Without a thought, Eddie brings up a hand, traces the outlines of Richie's nose, his lips, his eyebrows. He loves that he can do that. That he's allowed to do that.

He remembers a time when they were kids. When all he wanted was to hold Richie's hand or to sit close enough that their shoulders would bump, and he wanted more than anything for it to mean

something. Wished for it desperately to mean something to Richie too.

There's this warm feeling that erupts in his chest whenever Richie grabs his hand, wildly swinging their arms, not a care in the world, not a care for who might see. They can walk hand in hand down a street now and Richie will beam at the world, at the people they meet, at him.

And Eddie will always smile back, his heart doing complicated gymnastic routines in his chest. Will always squeeze Richie's hand just that little bit harder. And Richie will always glance down at him when he does, grin dopily, and squeeze back.

And nowadays, they never sit far apart from each other, whether it be at a restaurant or at home in their warm and cozy kitchen or on the sofa or when lying in bed. They're always close, always touching.

Eddie can't help but smile at the memory of how relieved he'd been when he'd learned that Richie was just as tactile as him, that he wanted to be close just as much as Eddie.

"Tickles..." Richie breathes out. His voice is slightly slurred, still half asleep if Eddie had to guess.

Eddie stops.

"Don't stop, feels nice." Richie whines.

His fingertips gently caress Richie's cheek in reply. Richie hasn't even opened his eyes. He just lays there like an overgrown cat, preening at the attention, pushing his face just that little bit closer towards Eddie's hand.

Eddie chuckles, and doesn't stop the ministrations. Instead, he moves his hand into Richie's hair, lovingly carding the strands back from his face. In a matter of seconds, new record for sure, Richie melts into his touch.

"Hey." He whispers to Richie. He watches as Richie's mouth quirks in reply, a small smile that Eddie loves.

"Hey, you." He replies.

Never one to be outdone, Eddie leans closer, kissing Richie on the tip of his nose.

Richie blinks his eyes open, more awake than before.

He stares at Eddie, and suddenly, Eddie is reminded that he is not the only one that likes to watch.

"Why did you do that?" Richie's voice is barely above a whisper, like he thinks that the causal intimacy of the moment will be broken if he speaks any louder.

Eddie shrugs. The answer though, that comes easy.

“I just thought you were being cute.”

At this, Richie turns his face into the pillow, presumably to hide the massive grin and the accompanying blush from view.

Eddie lets him take his time. He can't help but smile when he hears how Richie is saying, “Cute, cute, cute” over and over into his pillow. Yeah, Richie Tozier is really fucking cute. Eddie would quite literally fight anyone that tried to disagree. He wasn't described as an angry little ball of fire by his friends for nothing after all.

Richie moves his face from his hiding place, stares at Eddie. He still looks sleepy, but he's got this soft look in his eyes, the kind of look that reveals too much.

But it's not too much. Not to Eddie. Eddie feels lucky every time he sees it. Feels privileged that he gets to see it. That Richie trust him enough to let his guard down.

Eddie leans closer once more, but this time he captures Richie lips in a soft kiss.

“What's this now?” Richie whispers against his lips, mouth wide, grinning, “Trying to butter me up?”

“No, sweetheart. Wouldn’t dream of it.” Eddie whispers back. Sweetheart is not something he’s ever called Richie before, but it feels right somehow.

Richie chuckles in reply. Eddie leans back a little, so he can watch Richie’s expression. Something about his chuckle. Something about the nervous sounding chuckle when he called him sweetheart. It makes him want to see what Richie’s face looks like when he calls him that.

So, he does.

“Sweetheart.”

The change is immediate. Richie sucks in a breath, and his eyes go all wide. His cheeks have taken on a rosy glow, and Richie looks as if he can’t decide whether he wants to hide his face again or to kiss Eddie breathless.

Eddie knows which one he prefers. Deciding to take action, he moves his face closer yet again. Every time he calls Richie sweetheart, he follows it with a kiss.

“Sweetheart.”

Kiss.

“Sweetheart.”

Kiss. This time he lingers for a second.

Eddie moves his hand, places it above the space where Richie’s heart is. He feels the thunderous beating of Richie’s heart. It’s deafening. It’s intoxicating. The kind of effect he, Eddie Kaspbrak, can have on this man. On the one man that counts.

“Sweetheart.” This time he murmurs it in his ear. Then kisses him again, pouring all the feelings of love that he feels for the man into the kiss. Because this was the vow Eddie made to himself long ago. If he ever got to be with Richie, truly be with him, then he wouldn’t waste a single day. He would tell him, show him, how much he loved him every day. How much he mattered to him. How much he fucking adored him.

Eventually, Richie can’t take it, he breaks the kiss, and giggles, pressing his face into Eddie’s shoulder, “Stop it. You’re making me embarrassed.”

“Hm.” Is all that Eddie replies, waits for Richie to speak again.

“I’m so fucking lucky.” Richie whispers. Eddie can feel the words against his skin, can feel every time Richie exhales.

“I’m really fucking lucky, too. The luckiest.” Eddie says.

“I just never thought...”

“Yeah. I never thought either.”

“Stop repeating what I’m saying, asshole.” But there is no heat behind his words.

For several long moments they lay there in the dark.

“You’re worth it, you know. All of it. Every single second. All of it’s worth it, if I can be with you.” Eddie says, breaking the silence. It’s another vow. Eddie’s sure that when it comes to Richie, he’ll never stop making vows.

Richie exhales shakily, then replies, “You’re worth it, too.”

Eddie wraps his arms around Richie, feels as Richie does the same, feels as he pulls him in closer. Wrapped up in each other’s arms, Eddie can’t help but feel so damn lucky. So lucky that this is his life. That out of all the possible directions his life could have taken, that he’s here. That he can be here, with Richie. Just them. Just like this.

Life can throw anything their way. He knows that they can deal with it. Yes, he might be scared of a lot of things. But if there’s one thing he’s never going to doubt it’s this. Their relationship, be it friends or

lovers, is one of the few constants in his life. He doesn't doubt their commitment, their feelings, their love. What they have is strong.

So, just as long as Eddie can be here, falling asleep to the sound, the feel, of Richie, Eddie knows that he can fight any fight, slay any dragon.

With Richie by his side, he's not afraid.

Author's Note:

This is going surprisingly well. Thought I would be struggling more than this. I mean, technically it's past midnight where I am BUT I know for sure that it's still December 3rd in the US. So. It counts.

Hope you enjoy!